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# CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER

13<sup>TH</sup>  
SPECIAL  
TROPICANA  
ISSUE

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Mike Mignola  
Mark Nelson  
Dean Schreck  
Derek Yaniger  
Larry Wachowski  
Russ Heath



TROPICANA'S

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Devil's Brigade Part Twelve:  
Endlösung: The Final Solution

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PJ  
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## FOREWORD

Not all that long ago, I threw myself out a ten story window.

Calm your celebration, joyous detractors of this magazine and my so-called writing ability — I survived. Truth be told, the window never actually existed — it was a motivational factor only, existing in what passed for my mind to explain away what I was doing lying face down on a 5th Avenue sidewalk with a sticky-sweet pool of karo-syrup fake blood spreading around my head to simulate the radical aftereffect of my skull colliding with the concrete along that fashionable stretch of streetside. All of which was a direct consequence of allowing myself to become entwined in the cinematic schemings of one Christopher Perry Borden, an NYU film student with a vision of angst ridden stock-brokers plummeting to self-inflicted splatterings. I counted myself lucky — most film projects at that temple of 24 frames-a-second-pretension involved half-naked bodies writhing about in piles of malformed jello while the grinding of power tools graced the soundtrack. Faced with that alternative, suicide was the easy way out.

My part consisted of keeping limbs contorted and breathing to a minimum while "C.B." hid many stories above, filming away. Such were my method acting skills in looking like I'd just bought the big one that I soon realized the casual passerby had begun to buy into my demise. Funny looks grew into keeping a distance. Couples murmured, mothers pulled curious children away from my bloodied form. "Don't get involved," became the mumbled litany among that cross section of humanity. When it was over, I got my chuckles at the way everybody'd acted; I cracked a big smile.

And the smile faded.

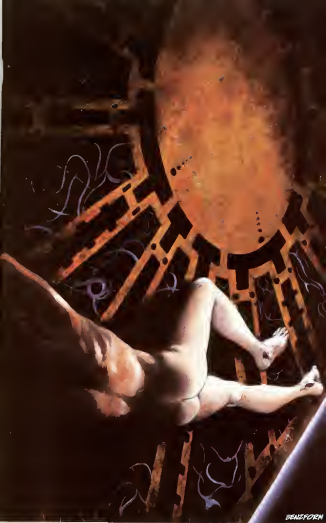
There it was, a bright and sunny Tuesday afternoon, and not one person among the many could keep from giving way to his/her primordial cores, allowing a complete fear to overcome him/her. I kissed that street for ten minutes that dark day, plenty of time for someone to overcome initial shock and come to my aid; instead, they went, driven by some form of trembling animal terror that suddenly had awakened inside them. That skittering beast, so often categorized and elicited as a thing of the midnight hour, had ceased to be a strictly nocturnal creature.

We nudge it out of its slumber in these pages, too, of course. Topical terrors abound in Dean Shreck and Derek Yaniger's "The Ferryman," as a conspiring Klansman turned politician seeks an infernal salvation to protect his white hooded past from exposure; Mike Mignola (whose work is also over in a recent *X-Force*) provides idea and illustration to a parable of decomposition, "Dead Things Rot," words courtesy this very keyboard; and Larry Wachowski and Russ Heath bring another chapter of The Devil's Brigade to a fiendish finale in a South African clash of humanity and hell, "Endolsung."

Revel with us in the night, here, gentle reader — it remains forever honest about the monstrous face it wears.

You're on your own during the daylight hours.

Daniel Chichester  
consulting editor



AT THE GEORGIA RESIDE  
OF SENATORIAL CANDIDATE  
SAMUEL JAMES BOND.

THE BOND ARE ATTEMPTING TO  
GUESS THE BOND ANNOTY OVER  
REASON OF A CONJECTURE  
P.M.E. INVESTIGATION.

OH, GREAT! I'M  
HANGIN' BY MY  
POLITICAL  
TALLOWS AND  
ALL MY LEFT  
BANDY LOSTER  
CAN SEE ME--  
RELAX!

THE BOND  
ARE ON TO SOME  
THIN! I'VE GOT TO  
KNOO OUT FAST!  
BUT THAT KIND OF  
MIND TAKES  
MONEY!

I'M MORTGAGED  
TO KINGSBORO CORP. AND  
RE BONDERS FUND'S DOWN  
THAN THE BONDMAN  
BANDERS--

SAM--RELAX!

BUT  
SAM, I'M  
TELLING  
YOU, WE'RE  
CLEAN--

RRRING

YEAH!

YEAH--  
I'LL  
TELL  
HIM.

THE BOND  
MAY BE ON  
THEIR WAY

DAMN!  
I KNEW IT!  
BOND THE  
ONE AROUND--  
FRODO!

WE'RE GONNA  
PAY A FIRST SCAM  
AND ALL  
MR. JOHN  
WATTFIELD

# THE FERRYMAN

MR.  
WATTFIELD  
BOND!

I CAN'T  
RUSH THE BOND  
WITHOUT SOME  
REAL BONDERS BEING  
REAL. REAL BOND  
WATTFIELD CAN  
POINT US TO A TON  
OF IT-- FRODO AND  
CLEAN!

I DON'T  
LIKE THIS



JOAN, WE  
HAVE TO TALK.  
THE FEELS ARE  
SMASHIN' DOWN  
ON MECA...

Dean Scherck  
writer  
Derek Yarnoff  
artist  
John Costanza  
letterer

COME IN, GUY...  
I'VE BEEN  
EXPECTING THIS



JOHN, THEY'RE  
GONNA TAKE ME DOWN

I'VE GOT TWO-THREE  
GASOLINES IN MY CLOSET  
AND IT'S GONNA TAKE  
LOVE ON MORGAN TO  
CLEAN HOUSE -- THAT'S  
WHERE THEY COME

I THINK  
YOU'RE OVER-  
REACTING. YOU'RE  
NOT THE FIRST  
POLITICIAN TO BE  
UNDETERMINED BY  
THE F.B.I.

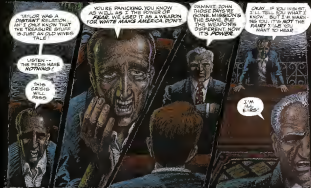


TELL ME  
AGAIN WHAT YOU  
KNOW ABOUT  
MARTIN LUTHER



I ALREADY KNOW HE WAS  
A POLITICAL AND A HIGH  
BLASPHEMY. JUST LIKE I HAD  
SO YOU CAN STOP ALL THAT  
CRAP

JUST TELL ME ABOUT HIS  
TREASURE -- ONE YOU'VE HAD  
IN HIDDEN SOMEWHERE  
ABOUT HERE



THEY'D HAD A  
DISTANT RELATION.  
AND I ONLY KNOW THAT  
THE TREASURE STUFF  
IS JUST AN OLD WOMAN  
TALK

LISTEN --  
THE FEELS HAVE  
RETURNED

ONE  
COULD  
WILL  
FEELS

YOU'RE PANICKING. YOU KNOW  
AS WELL AS I THE POWER OF  
FEELS. WE USED IT AS A WEAPON  
FOR WHITE HANGS AMERICA DOWN

CRIMINAL JOHN  
THOSE DAYS WE  
WERE MISSING THE  
SAME, BUT THE WEAPONS  
DIFFERENT. NOW  
IT'S POWER

JOHN -- IF YOU DON'T  
TALK, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I  
KNOW. BUT I'VE WARNED  
YOU. YOU'VE GOT THE  
FEELS TO LEAVE YOU  
WANT TO HEAR

I'M  
HOLDING  
BREATH

"THE LEGEND OF BENEVOLENCE  
AROUND TAYLOR IS REAL--  
AN OLD WOMAN PLANT COR-  
RUPTED FOR LISA AND A  
FERRY, BUILT IN THE  
CENTURY."

"WHAT IS LEFT OF HER IS LING-  
ERED ALONG THE DECK IN  
A LOCAL COVE, SHE'S NOTHING  
BUT A BOTT-NECKED SINK HOLE."

"BENT HOUSE AND HER  
LIFE THE PLANTS--BENT  
FOR BENT PLANT THESS."

"TAYLOR BOUGHT HER OUT OF DAY BOOK  
BACK IN THE THIRTIES, ORIGINALLY SHE  
WAS CALLED THE BENT OF THE  
BOAT--HE OVERCALLED HER AND  
RENAILED HER, DAVE BARNOW--"

"--AS A PLANTING  
HOUSE OF BENTING."

"--A NAME BETTER  
SAID TO ITS  
WENTED PLANTS--"

"BENTING HER BY  
TAYLOR'S BENTING  
BENTING BENTING  
BENTING THE  
COUNTRY--"

"TO CAPTURE BENTING  
FOR HIS ENTERTAINMENT  
BENTING BENTING."

"HE HAD ONLY  
TWO CENTERS."

"THEY THE BENTING  
ON BENTING."

"AND THE BENTING--"

"--BENTING--"





"BEFORE LONG, THE GRAVE  
SEAVIEW WOULD BE  
FOR DEEP WATER."

"DURING THE TRIP, ANY  
CAPTURED NEGROES  
ROUTINELY RAPED,  
BEATEN AND THROWN..."



"...OVERBOARD."



"EVENTUALLY, THEY  
WOULD DROP ANCHOR  
AND BEGIN WHAT  
TAYLOR CALLED  
THE GAMES."



"GAMES HELD IN A MOON-  
COLLIDRUM ON THE MAIN DECK  
AN ARENA OF HOPELESS CON-  
FUSION FOR THE BLACKS FORCED  
TO FIGHT AND DIE THERE."



"BUT TAYLOR ALWAYS  
SAID THE BEST  
WAS LOST -- HIS  
CHAMPION."



"HE WAS THE  
PERSONAL..."

"TAYLOR'S FAVORITE GLADIATOR"



"A SELF-FLAGELLANT PRINCIPLE  
OF MEN WHO COULD GRIND A  
MAN'S SKULL WITH HIS BARE  
WEAPONS."



"IT WAS ON SUCH AN  
OUTING, THEY SAY,  
THAT HE DISCOVERED  
THE BOX..."

"TAYLOR DELIGHTED  
MOST IN TURNING CAP-  
TURED NEGROES ON A  
DESERTED ISLAND TO  
HUNT THEM DOWN LIKE  
RABBIT GAME."

THE NEXT DAY...

...THEY FOUND THE SUPPER-  
BOWLS -- TAYLOR AND ALL  
JACKED HAD WATCHED!

HALL, EXCEPT FOR ONE TOTALLY  
DEFORMED BLACK CHILD...

THEY SAW THIS  
WAS THE FIRST  
TO HANDLE THE  
BOX

SINCE THEN, WE'VE  
HAD NUMEROUS DISAPPEAR-  
ANCES, AND SIGHTS OF  
THAT BOX ON THE WATER --  
LOOKING LIKE NEW! SOME  
SAID THE REDDER HORN  
SOUNDS EACH TIME IT  
CLANGS ANOTHER  
NOTICE

DEADNESS --  
I SAW THEM

THEY TOOK  
EVERYONE  
AWAY

THERE'S BEEN IN  
A BATHROOM  
EVER SINCE

THE ONLY DEMONS ON  
THAT SHIP WERE SOME  
RIGGERS WHO STUCK  
BACK -- CAUGHT ON  
TAYLOR BY SURPRISE  
AND FED HIM TO THE  
FURNACE

THAT WAS  
HAPPENING  
TO ME!

WAIT!  
-- YOU WANT IT NOW  
YOURSELF?

YOU GORHAM!

NO,  
GAM!

YOU SEE, I'VE BEEN  
THAT WAY FOR YEARS  
MYSELF -- I'VE HAD TO  
SELL

BULLSHIT! THEY SHOT  
SO YOU DON'T THEM!  
YOU'RE TURNED!

THAT GUY --  
WAS HE DEAD OR  
NOT NOW --  
WHERE IS SHE?

I CAN'T  
YOU DON'T KNOW  
WHAT SOUNDS --

OH, I  
KNOW, ALL  
RIGHT --

...NOW WHEN I'M BEING HELD  
OUT ON GORHAM BACK  
TAYLOR, NEED INCENTIVE TO  
HELP YOUR OWN?

COVENANCE  
124, 2076



ALL  
RIGHT! HAVE  
IT YOUR WAY,  
CHAVE YOU...



HERE'S THE ADDRESS.  
DON'T COME BACK.



WAVE, WAVE...  
WHERE ARE YOU? THE  
DRIVING TOOK TAYLOR  
IT'S A LOVELY DAY, ISN'T  
IT, GENTLEMEN?

MY BOYFRIEND  
GOT SECURITY  
COVERED

NOW CAN WE  
CUT THE  
GIBBERISH!

LAST CHANCE, TO  
CUT WAG--THE  
BOSS, WHERE  
IS IT?



TAYLOR... IS  
WHERE HE  
BEHINDS THE  
CLOCK ROOM  
WITH BOSS AND  
BYL. I MUST  
PROTECT IT...



SAME UP? YOU  
COAST OLD BOSS...  
WHAT IF YOU GO WITH  
THE BOSS?

AAAAH!



I MUST  
PROTECT IT  
S-B-S-B-S-B...

--TELL  
HIS NOW!



LOOK,  
WOMAN,  
YOU TALK  
OR DIE



--HIDES--  
THE WHOLE  
OF THE GASP--



RING

AAAAH!



AAAAH!

THE FEEDS!  
STILL, ER  
GLAD THEY  
GET TO YOUR  
PLACE, MOTHER...  
I DON'T  
CARE  
NOW--

"JUST DO IT--  
LIVE YOUR LIFE  
DEPENDENT ON IT!"

LONG  
OLD CROON--  
SHOULD'VE  
KILLED HER!

LET'S TRY  
THE NEXT  
ROOM!

E-E-E-E-E-E

BOOOO

IT'S  
JUST  
THE  
WIND--  
DEEP  
ROOMS

MOVING THROUGH  
THE BAMP ROOM  
AND WE JUDGED  
HOW INSANE--  
WOLF WOLF SHOUT  
ING A DICE SHOUT  
OF BEING FOLLOWED.  
WATCHED!

I'M GETTING OUT!  
WATCHED WAS  
RIGHT-- THE RED  
SOMETHING WERE  
SOMETHING S-B-  
SICK-- BNL...

TELL  
FEET  
HOLD--  
TEATON!

BANG  
BANG

I DON'T  
WANT! I'VE  
HAD ENOUGH  
--I'M  
LEAVING!

CHEESE! YOU  
SHOT HIM!

DO IT AGAIN TO ANY  
DAMN THROAT!

THAT WEASEL  
WOULD BE GOING  
TO THE BLOOD FOR  
SURE. WE'LL  
TAKE CARE OF THE  
BOOK LATER.

BUT FIRST  
WE GOTTA FIND  
SAY BOY-- AND  
FAST!

IS THAT--  
THERE'S  
SOMETHING OUT  
IN THE OPEN?

THAT SOUND  
AGAIN-- IT  
SAYS WIND!  
BOOM!

AM-H-H-H  
E-E-E

KLIK

FAR BELOW THE MAIN  
DECK, THE SMELL OF  
AGE AND DEATH IS  
OVERPOWERING.

A STEYCHOP  
DEATH LEADING TO...

E-E-E-E

OPEN--

THAT'S  
IT!

LET'S  
BEFORE  
OF HER!

GENTLEMEN--  
WELCOME  
AHEAD!

ALLOW ME TO  
INTRODUCE MYSELF.  
I AM THE FORTYMAN  
AND THERE ARE  
MY MATE!



WTF? INTO THE  
ARENA AND MEET OUR  
GUEST-- THE HARMON  
TAYLOR!



TAYLOR'S LEGEND HAS BEEN  
KIND TO US. IT IS REQUESTING  
SO MANY LOOT IN THE CAVE  
OF BLOOD-- SO MANY IN NEED  
OF RESTRUCTURING.



PUT THE CHILD  
FORTUNE TO  
BE FOUND  
HERE-- IS IN  
MIRAC FLESH



...AND THAT PART OF THE  
LEGEND IS A LIE. SPEARED OF  
HUMAN FRAGILITY IN THE FORM  
OF MATED BLOOD AND UNDE-  
CIPHERED DEVICES.

"BUT PERHAPS WE  
CAN HELP THE BOTH  
ALONG. A BIT."



WITH HELP FROM  
THE PUEBLO  
GUARDIAN.



Y-HOUST?

THE DEMONS  
TOOK THEM--  
I'LL TAKE CARE.



SOME--  
JOHN IS THE  
GAMES!

THE  
SAND-- INTO  
MOVING!



GENERATED WITH THE  
REQUIRE OF BLOOD  
BLOOD. THE DEMON  
ARMED. CHASE  
AGAIN-- PUT FOR  
DEEP ENTRY.

BACK AT MATTFIELD'S HOUSE

EVENING, MR. MATTFIELD

F.B.I.

LISTEN -- I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS, AND I DON'T CARE TO KNOW...

I HAVEN'T DEALT WITH BIRMINGHAM IN YEARS, AND...

DEAR, MR. -- WE CAN'T COME TO AN AGREE ANYMORE

THE PROGRAM IS ENDED -- BOYD IS OFF THE ROOST --

-- BUT WHEN THE NEWS BROKE WE WERE FLOODING WITH CHARGE: THREATS AGAINST THE SENATOR

WE'RE HERE TO PROTECT HIM

W-A-A-E-E

YOU OWE, MR. MATTFIELD?

OH GOD, NO, THAT SILENT...

I DON'T SET IT...

THE TORTURED WAIL OF AN OLD-TIME FIGHT MORE HEARD OVER A SMALL BOAT, CAUGHT DEAD IN THE RIVER...

ENGINEER JUST DEAD SHOULD HAVE THE PROBLEM WORKED OUT --

-- SEE REALLY

W-A-A-E-E

NO, I DIDN'T, DIDN'T SEE IT...

COLD -- WHERE THE HELL TO THAT COLD TUB COME FROM? DID YOU CATCH THE NAME?

I DON'T SEE IT, NO, WHEN I SAW IT...

THE GRAND SHADOW WELD FROM THE OCEAN COURSE -- NOT ONLY BUT AN UNUSUALY DEEP, DARK FOR THE DEEP WATER...

--OF HELL



THE END

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BONEFORM

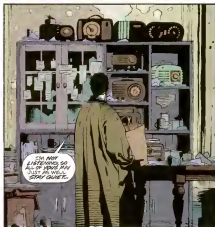




# DEAD THINGS ROT



Mike Mignola  
plot/artist  
D.G. Chabon  
plot/writer  
Mark Nelson  
ink artist  
Mark Chabon  
color artist  
Jude Moore



— RICHARD DODGE  
Chairman, The City,  
Reading, 1900-1901  
1885-1886

ACT OF THE NATIONALITY  
AND THE CONSTITUTION  
OF THE STATE







I WANT OUT!

OUT!

OUT!

OUT!

IT'S A PAINFUL  
PAIN! ONLY SO  
MUCH MORE  
COMING!  
—BROCK

HOW TERRIBLE  
THEY'RE BEING  
REDUCED TO  
THIS MERE  
EXTERIOR!



YOU AGONY-ITIOUS  
BASTARD, WHY DON'T

I WANT OUT, BROCK!  
I WANT OUT!



I LEFT MANY  
OF THE AGONY  
TO YOUR GOD,  
BROCKMAN!



—AND THERE  
IS MY  
AGONY!



IT WON'T  
HOLD—I'VE  
GIVEN UP,  
BROCK!

WELL, OF  
COURSE!

WE'VE BEEN  
GREATLY  
DETERMINED  
TO GIVE YOU  
OUR OWN IF WE  
REALLY HAD THE  
POWER!

PLEASE, I—I'VE  
BEEN HERE IN YOUR  
GARDEN IN THE PAST  
GIVE ME THE POWER  
TO GO TO  
HELL!

A FINAL, FINAL  
GIVE TO YOU TO  
GIVE YOU—AND ALL  
I ASK IN RETURN IS  
MY LIFE BACK!



CAN WE LIST—  
CONSIDERED,  
MASTER?

IS THERE  
NO ROOM—  
FOR  
AGONY?



COMPASSION  
AGAINST IT



HOW  
PAINFUL  
FULLY...



...PAIN...



YOU DESTROYED  
A BEING OF GOD.  
BUT... IN HIS PAIN  
THERE WAS... SOMETHING  
ME TO SAVE THE  
SOUL OF A  
LIFE...

I DON'T  
KNOW IT!  
I DON'T  
KNOW IT!  
I...

OH, BUT... YOUR  
SALVATION OF YOUR  
SALVATION THERE'S  
ONLY SO MUCH YOU  
MAY EVEN A GOD  
CAN DO

YOUR SOUL IN AGONY... IT'S A PAINFUL...  
AND... THE... THE... THE...  
THAT THERE IS MUCH MORE... AND YOU



IT... ABOUT  
IS IT YOUR  
TRYING  
TO...



WE HAVE A  
MAGICAL  
THERAPY



CRUSH  
YOUR SOUL  
CARFULLY...

OUT!  
OUT!  
OUT!

YES,  
LORD...  
I'M  
OUT!













WE'VE  
RECEIVED  
A CALL.



STAY  
EVERY  
BODY...

ALL  
TOGETHER  
NOW... ALL  
PERSONS  
ARE  
WANTED.



I'M  
SORRY  
I'LL  
BE  
BACK.



YOU  
DON'T  
SAY?

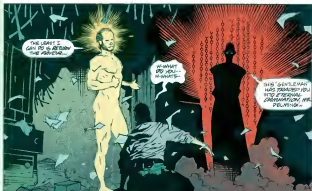


THAT'S  
GIVE  
A  
BROTHA...



20  
2000







BRINGS BACK  
MEMORIES, DOESN'T  
IT, THORNTON?



I REMEMBER  
NOT TO SPEAK  
ABOUT IT, CLARENCE



YOU MADE AN EXCELLENT  
CHOICE IN MR. CLARENCE.  
HIS EXPERIENCE WILL BE  
OF GREAT SERVICE TO  
LORD VENATHAN'S CAM-  
PAIGN AGAINST THE FLESH



A FINE  
SPEECH.

I'M SURE YOU WISHED A  
SUPPORT MOVEMENT WASH  
YOUR CAMPAIGN FIRST PREPARED  
MY SISTER



YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW IT  
BOTHERS ME SO, THORNTON,  
TO HEAR YOU SPEAK OF OUR  
TIME TOGETHER IN THE PAST  
TENSE

STILL, YOU DESERVE A  
FINAL WORD OF  
CAUTION...FOR HELP  
SOMEONE ELSE...



KEEP YOUR  
OWN COUNTRY,  
CLARENCE

I JUST WANT  
OUT BEHIND THE  
AUTHORITY, BEING  
LOOKING FOR  
PELLETT



OUT OF  
OUT

KLECHT  
KLECHT



LOOKS STUCK--

GAUGH

WHAT'S THE  
MATTER WITH--

I DUNNO

YOU OFFERED  
NOTHING BUT  
LIES!



YOU'VE  
CORRUPTED  
THE AGENT,  
PELAY!

HARDLY! YOU  
KNOW WHAT YOU  
ASKED FOR OUT  
OF OUR PEAL--



FINGER-- CAN'T GET--

ALL THE BLACK  
CONSEQUENCES  
OF DISCOMFORT.

WHAT DO YOU--  
I DON'T NEED  
YOUR AGONY!



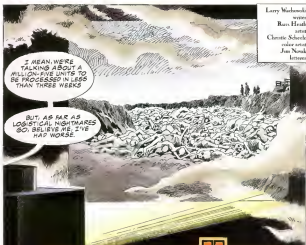
JUST-- FINGER--  
GET IT-- HELP!  
I'LL HAVE MY LIFE--

YOU DO  
HAVE YOUR  
LIFE,  
THOUGH.



--BUT YOUR NEW  
BODY'S MADE FROM  
THE DEAD.

AND DEAD  
THINGS ACT.



Larry Wachowski  
writer  
Burt Hunt  
artist  
Christie Scherz  
color artist  
Jim Neuk  
letterer

# ENDLSÜNG:

## THE FINAL SOLUTION

DEVILS BRIGADE PART 12





OH, THIS HERE, PRETTY STRAIGHT FORWARD, HIGHLY PRODUCTIVE, OBVIOUSLY, BUT A COMPLETE WASTE OF RESOURCE.



IN HERE WE GO. REALLY ONE OF THE MOST EFFICIENT PLANTS THE GERMANS DESIGNED BASED ON THE CHICAGO STOCKYARDS

PRODUCTION DROPS IN FAVOR OF RESOURCE. COSTS ARE CUT THROUGH THE USE OF ALL AVAILABLE BY-PRODUCTS.

THE CENOBIITE, ANGOR WATCHES, PLEASED, HER MISSION NEARLY FULFILLED



NOW, OBVIOUSLY THE TIME REQUIRED TO BUILD SUCH A FACILITY MAKES IT AN IMPRACTICALITY.

HOWEVER, SEVERAL ELEMENTS OF THE SYSTEM REMAIN TO THIS DAY, THE MOST PRACTICAL AND THE MOST EFFICIENT.

WHICH BRINGS US TO THE CORNERSTONE OF THIS PROPOSAL, THE MOST ESSENTIAL PIECE OF THE GERMAN PUZZLE!



...TRAINS.

THE TRAINS ARE STILL RUNNING DAY  
AND NIGHT. IDGAFD IS ALMOST EMPTY.  
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND AFRICANS



TWO WEEKS AGO I WAS GIVEN MY EXPULSION PAPERS!  
ANYONE AND EVERYONE WITHOUT A YUGOSLAV  
BIRTH CERTIFICATE WAS SENT PACKING



I IMAGINE THAT DECISION MIGHT BECOME A LIT-  
TLE MORE PERMANENT THAN I'D LIKE IT TO BE







WHY DID YOU  
DO IT, JACK?  
WHY DID YOU  
STAY?

IT WAS EITHER THIS  
OR ANOTHER AIDS  
STORY AND FRANKLY  
PLAGUES DEPRESS  
ME.



I'M SERIOUS, JACK.  
WHY ARE YOU HERE  
--DO YOU WANT  
TO DIE?

NO ONE WANTS TO DIE,  
ZOYA. I DON'T KNOW WHAT  
MADE ME STAY. MAYBE I  
DON'T BELIEVE THIS  
COULD HAPPEN.



CONGRATULATIONS,  
MR. KNOPP. HOW SOON  
CAN YOU GET  
STARTED?



WHY, SIR, THE VERY  
MINUTE YOU SIGN  
THAT CHECK.





THEY USED THE MURDER OF HILES HOLLANDER TO ROUND UP AS MANY YOUNG MALES, MOST OF THEM "COMRADES," AS THEY COULD.



IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PANIC, PARLIAMENT SUDDENLY ANNOUNCED THAT IT WAS READY TO ORGANIZE THE FIRST "FREE ELECTIONS." "ONE MAN, ONE VOTE," THEY PROMISED.



THEY ASKED CHARILA AND OTHER IMPORTANT AFRICAN LEADERS TO ATTEND THE COMMITTEE MEETINGS. THE REPORTS AT FIRST WERE ENCOURAGING AND EVERYONE WAS EXCITED.



BUT THE REPORTS CAME LESS AND LESS FREQUENTLY, UNTIL THEY STOPPED COMING ALTOGETHER.



IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THE FIRST MEETING WITH CHARULA, PEGOURCY ANNOUNCED PLANS FOR THE REDEVELOPMENT OF THE AFRIGAN TOWNSHIPS. TEAR DOWN THE PAST TO BUILD FOR THE FUTURE.



THE TRAINS WERE TRANSPORTATION TO THE "TEMPORARY HOUSING"

TRAIN AFTER TRAIN AFTER TRAIN WAS PACKED FULL, AND ONE BY ONE THEY WOULD RETURN

EMPTY.

EVERYWHERE YOU LOOKED THERE WERE SOLDIERS, MACHINE-GUNS, TANKS, AND PEOPLE TELLING YOU, "DO AS YOU ARE TOLD AND EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT."

WHAT I DO KNOW IS THAT DAY AFTER DAY, I SAT HIDDEN WITH MY CAMERA, TAKING PICTURE AFTER PICTURE.



DID THEY BELIEVE THAT?

I DON'T KNOW



I WATCHED PEOPLE MOVE DOWN RAMPS LIKE CATTLE

I WATCHED AS WOMEN HELPED THEIR CHILDREN CLIMB UP INTO THE TRAIN CARS.

I WATCHED. I JUST WATCHED



WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO? WHAT COULD I DO?

ONCE FROM WHERE I WAS HIDING I OVERHEARD TWO OF THE TRAIN CONDUCTORS TALKING



THE FIRST ONE SAID TO THE OTHER: "THESE 15 HOUR SHIFTS ARE BREAKING MY BALLS"



AND THE SECOND SAID: "I JUST KEEP THINKING ABOUT THAT CHECK--ALL THIS OVERTIME THAT'S ALL I THINK ABOUT."



THAT NIGHT I BEGAN HAVING THE DREAM, I'M A TRAIN CONDUCTOR AND SOMEHOW MY CAMERA IS THE THROTTLE



THE CAMERA IS STUCK ON AUTOMATIC ... BUT I DON'T TRY TO FIX IT.



I DO NOT KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO ME.

I DO NOT THINK IT MATTERS JACK KURTIS. 8/8/92

100





WHEN IT IS ABSOLUTE, IT IS PERFECTION. YOU HAVE BEGUN TO SEE THAT PURE DOMINATION TRANSCENDS MORALITY.



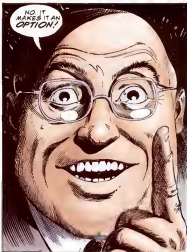






















Clive Barker  
novel

D. G. Chichester  
novel

Tina Daming  
novel

Mark McLaurin  
novel

Carl Poir  
novel

Tom De Haven  
novel

Illustrations by  
Paul Johnston

Artistic Illustrations by  
James T. Johnson  
Gavin Wilson

Cover art by  
Ovi Horvath

Handy phrases from Clive Barker's travel  
guide to the nether-regions!

*Diabolic Decomposition* ("Excuse me, is  
that your body rotting out from under you,  
or are you just glad to see me?")

*Fiendish Fascism* ("Can you please direct  
me to the nearest South African puppet  
dictatorship where the Cenobites pull the  
strings?")

*Political Pandemonium* ("I'd like two  
tickets to see the elected official in the  
KKK hood sliming his way out of eternal  
damnation.")

Enjoy your trip, and don't forget to dress for  
warm weather.

ISBN #0-87135-870-0



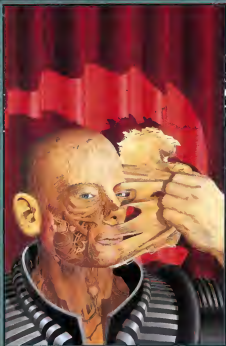
# CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER

SEX,  
LIES, and  
HOLY WAR

C.J. Henderson  
Vincent Carolini

Ron Wolfe  
Kieron Dwyer

Nicholas Vince  
Andrew Paquette







## FOREWORD

Making a deal with the devil's a pretty sure-fire way of getting yourself burned; the denizens of down below are notoriously remiss when it comes to customer satisfaction. We, however, pride ourselves on being the new breed (or is that *Nightbreed*? No, that's another book!) of the diabolic; enter into our bargains and you get what you pay for, whether it's the finest in graphic storytelling (and by Leviathan, we do mean graphic) or following through on our offer to dig into your letters if you'd be kind enough to send 'em our way ("kind" being a relative term, you understand). You responded, and now so shall we; submitted for your perusal a selection of what's sent our mail room guys shrieking to the nearest sanitarium. . .

*I love Hellraiser, though it should be more gory, graphic & painful. Can you provide a diagram that shows the moves to turn the Lament Configuration into the Leviathan? How about a story with a cannibal — a prostitute who eats her clients while they watch and scream? Let's get more entertaining here.*

— Jimmy K. Winston

Putting the moves on the LeMarchand puzzle box is half the fun, Jimmy. . .the other half is agony beyond imagining (well, we can imagine). As for your story suggestion, what do you think we're publishing here? A kiddie book?

*Issue #110 was superb! I loved the foil cover. "One True Faith" was a stunning story; but then Nick Vince has a wonderful writing talent and an inside edge on the Hellraiser mythos. As always, the tie in artwork pages are wonderful. There's something very classy about their inclusion that I can't quite put my finger on.*

— Steve Goodrich

Appreciate your comments and critiques, Steve; sorry some of the art didn't meet with your complete satisfaction, but as you said elsewhere, there is much merit in diversity and we stand by our choices. As for putting your finger on those pin up pages, avoid it — it usually ends up in a lot of bone and tissue fragments.

Your correspondence aside, gentle reader, we have other cruelties this issue, beginning with a special delivery of terror in "Later," C.J. Henderson and V. Cecolini's relentless tale of violation and intimidation as a rapist tries to outwit the Cenobites; the talented Colleen Doran returns to these pages to supply the art. Ron Wolfe makes good and evil on the conclusion of his *Devil's Brigade* storyline when the malevolent Face is confronted with the outcome of his demonic drama of order and anarchy; fan favorite Kieron Dwyer joins in on the mayhem, putting pictures to Ron's words. And, also returning, the aforementioned Mr. Nicholas Vince rallies his *Devil's Brigade* troop, the crone-Cenobite Balberith, for a final assault on the forces of chaos in "Dreams and Revelations;" Andrew Paquette provides the evocative woodcut-style illustrations.

See you in six weeks for more mail bag madness.

D.G. Chichester  
consulting editor



AND LIVE, LIKE THE LIVED OF  
ALL THOSE IN HELL...  
AS (SPOILER) LARRY

AND LIVE, LIKE THE LIVED OF  
ALL THOSE IN HELL... CAN BE  
SPLIT INTO TWO SEGMENTS...  
THE FIRST, HE SPENT MORE  
PUSHED FORWARD WELL BY  
OTHERS...

... AND THE SECOND SPENT  
BEHIND IT ON HIS OWN.

AS OF THAT SECOND  
SEGMENT, THE SELF-HELP  
WARRIOR, WHO SPENT SOLIDLY  
ATTRACTED AND AVOIDS...  
THE LIVING, AND DURING HE  
WOULD DISCOVER TO BE  
TRUTH

WHAT HE DID NOT UNDERSTAND  
WAS THAT REDEFINING THE  
LEONARD COMPLICATED  
DID NOT THE SOLUTION HE  
Sought, BUT ONLY A PIECE  
OF THE PUZZLE.

Later

C. J. Henderson  
Vincent Carabini  
writers  
Colleen Doran  
artist  
Gasper  
letterer

THE DOOR... DARK, DARK, COLD...  
SHINING ON BARE, PALED  
BOWELS AND PALLED GLAZING  
MUSCLES WITH BLOOD. AND  
A MORE EQUAL TIME OF DEATH.

LED EFFECT SO STRONG THAT HE WOULD  
REATCH IF HE STILL HAD MOVING COINING  
WITH THE ABILITY TO BURN FORWARD AND  
CHAINED BACK.

WAY DO YOU FEEL UP  
WHEN IT WAS DONE,  
WHO BOUGHT US?

THE LAST APOCALYPTIC  
SERIALS LEFT TO HIS HAND  
WENT THE MAN SO HE HAD  
COMPARISON AND CAPTIONS  
MORON AND GAVE AROUND.

I'VE WANTED  
DIGNITY OF  
SECOND-ONE  
OF YOU.

FLUTTERING--AN ADORABLE  
BOY, BUT LIKE ALL OTHERS,  
YOU HAVE FEAR TO TRAVEL.  
YOU MUST LEARN TO FEEL  
THE SURETY OF FLESH.

"LET THE  
EDUCATION  
CONTINUE."

NO--NOT!  
I AM DIFFERENT,  
WORTHY? I CAN  
PROVE IT

"YOU CAN"

LET US HEAR  
YOUR STORY

"I WOULD RIDE THE SUBWAY AT NIGHT, ORDERING THE ~~WAGON~~ 'WAGON' - A WOMAN RIDING NERVOUSLY ALONE, SURROUNDED BY EVERYONE, PRAYING QUIETLY FOR SAFE ARRIVAL."



"FOLLOWING HER AS SHE WOULD ASCEND FROM THE UNDERWORLD TO STREET LEVEL, I WOULD 'WAG' AT HER, CALLING TO HER MIND."



"I KNEW IT WOULD NOT BE LONG BEFORE I COULD MAKE HER REACT TO MY PRESENCE."

"FOLLOWING HER DOWN STREET NIGHTS, DESOLATE STREETS, I WOULD KNOW THE DISTANCE BETWEEN US - HER FEARS, BRACING FROM HER LIKE A JUMPING ROBOBOMB, A BOMB, JUMPING BOMB."



"AND SHE WOULD KNOW... SMELLING HER AS I SMELLED HER, SHE'D ALWAYS TURN... AND I..."



"OH, ENOUGH! A REMINDER OF FLUSH."

"PURPOSELESSLY PANICING OF A LACK OF ORDER, WE'VE HEARD THIS ALL BEFORE."

"NO... WAIT PLEASE!"

"WHY?"



"YOU HAVEN'T HEARD MY STORY BEFORE... I SWEAR IT."

"LET ME FINISH AND YOU'LL SEE."

"CONTINUE."

WHEN I WOULD BEGIN MY ATTACK, EVERY NIGHTMARE THEY HAD EVER DREAMED DISPLAY IN THEIR MINDS.



"I WOULD HELP OF COURSE BY FORCING HER TO THE GROUND!" - ALPHABETIC HERE



"STARRING AT HER FROM ABOVE, I'D HAVE A MOMENT TO FLAP."

"AT THE POINT ONE EXPECTED THE WORSE..."

"...I WOULD STOP."

"NO, YOU'RE NOT READY YET."



"FOLLOWING THROUGH THESE RUSHES FOR IDENTIFICATION, I WOULD READ NAME AND ADDRESS - OUT LOUD."

"WHEN SHE WOULD BEGIN... WHEN THAT TIME WOULD RUSH, I PROMISED I WOULD RETURN..."



"...THEY DID LEAVE, TELLING ME."



"I'LL SEE YOU... LATER."

"AS I WALKED AWAY I WOULD WHISPER SOMETHING AS SILENT..."



"IT'S A SMALL WORLD AFTER ALL..."



"AND OFTEN, OFTEN,  
OVER THE HEAPS,  
IT WAS."

"TIME AND AGAIN,  
IT WAS, AS IF,  
THE SAME..."

"MY OVERLAP... BEHIND  
QUICKLY STOPPING SUDDENLY,  
MY BRACES BECAME TO  
RETURN ALWAYS LEFT."

"I AM ON THEIR TAILOR-  
DRAWN THEIR TAILOR  
AND AGAIN IN CREEP  
SLIPPING GULPS..."

"MY NEVER ENDING ATTACKS  
FOLLOWED THESE IMAGINATIONS  
FEARED IN THEIR NIGHTMARES."

"IT WAS, HE SILENT."

"IT WAS, HE SILENT..."

"HAPPY."



MY VICTIMS... I HAVE LIVED ON... LIVING DEAD...  
BORDERED THE DREAMING FORMS...



"NOW THERE REMAINED  
ONLY THE MAIN CONCEPT."



"CONSPIRACY  
RECOGNITION...  
IN IT... FURTHER."



"THE MUSIC  
OF ETERNAL  
LIFE."

"I HAD PROVIDED  
LEVATHAN A MULTITUDE  
OF DOUBT... SOULS  
I HAD PROVIDED MY  
WORTH."



"NOW..."



"I WANT MY  
JUST  
REWARD."









FOR A MOMENT, HE THINKS  
THAT HE MIGHT HAVE  
GONE BLIND.



IN THE RED, BLIND LIGHT THAT  
IS ALL HE CAN SEE, HE  
THINKS HE MIGHT HAVE  
GONE INSANE.



BLINDNESS, INSANITY?  
HE WOULD LOVE TO  
SUCH AN EASY  
EXPLANATION.



BUT HE FINISHES TO HIS  
HORROR THAT HE CAN  
SEE. ON THAT HE CAN SEE  
WHAT HE'S DONE TO HER.



SAME? IT IS AN OPEN QUESTION  
BUT HE IS FULLY AWARE OF  
WHO HE IS, AND OF WHAT HE'S  
BECOME.



HE IS LEO MARCEL  
MURDERER/  
STRANGLER/ LEO  
MARCEL, A MAN  
CLIPPED WITH A  
TERRIBLE  
QUESTION ...



Why...?



WHAT HAPPENED TO ME? LISA AND I NEVER MEANT--

I-- I NEVER MEANT TO HURT YOU.

A FEW DAYS LATER, IT'S ALL THE WORST. LISA AND I NEVER MEANT--

THE MURDER TOOK PLACE ON A STAGE IN A SMALL, EMPTY THEATRE-- A STAGE SET FOR THE CLASH OF KINGS.

SHE LOVED THIS PLACE. IT WAS HER LIFE'S WORK. COMMUNITY THEATRE. SHE WANTED TO SHARE IT WITH ME. A LATE-NIGHT LOVER'S AFFAIR.

--BUT SOMETHING SNAPPED. SOMETHING TILTED THE WORLD. IT BECAME JUST FOR A MOMENT. AND LIFE CAN GO TO HELL IN JUST A MOMENT.

YOU CALLED ME THE SAME MAN. YOU SAID I COULD HAVE ANYTHING JUST FOR THE PRICING.

BUT WISHES DON'T REALLY COME TRUE. LISA AND I. OR YOU? STILL BE ALIVE. YOU WOULD LIVE AGAIN--

Ron Well-  
writer  
Kieron Dwyer  
and  
Richard Starkov-  
letters

THE DEVILS BRIGADE PART 13

BREAKDOWN **RED**

LIVE  
AGAIN!

HOW CAN ONE DO THE  
HARD THINGS AFTER  
THE BODY DIES?  
AFTER THE BODY IS  
MURDERED?

HERE  
IS THE  
ANSWER

LIVE  
AGAIN!

THERE HAD BEEN DREAMS  
AND DETERMINATIONS  
AND, MEMORIES AND  
HOPE, ALL THE MIND  
THOUGHTS THAT WERE  
LINA AND MICHELLE - ALL  
GONE, GIVEN AWAY TO  
AN ENDLESS NIGHT.

LIVE  
AGAIN!

BUT THE MIND  
BREATHES ON.



AM I SHOOT  
THEATER? IT A  
SURREAL TOUCH  
OF THE DEAD  
LUMINOUS. I  
LIKE IT.

WHAT A SHAME  
I CAN'T ALLOW IM-  
PROVISATION.

CALL THE POLICE.  
GIVE MYSELF UP. I'LL  
HAVE TO CONFESS  
TO MURDER, THOUGH  
IT'S A KILLING THAT  
I CAN'T EXPLAIN.

SHE MEANT TOO  
MUCH. SHE CAN'T  
HAVE DIED FOR  
NOTHING, BUT A  
FLASH OF MADNESS  
I WON'T ALLOW  
IT.

"HAGG HAN" HAD  
SOME KIND OF POWER.  
I CAN FEEL IT, JUST  
THE WAY SHE SAID.

THERE'S  
A PURPOSE  
TO EVERYTHING,  
EVEN TO THIS.



CONSOLE A MAN WITH THE ULTIMATE PUZZLE: THE ALIENIST WHO CANNOT EXPLAIN WHAT HE'S DONE.

DAMN TO SAY THAT HE'S KILLED NOTHING LESS THAN HIS LAST HOPE OF LOVE.



I SWEAR IT, LISA. ANN... I WILL KNOW THE ANSWER.



THINK, DAMN IT! REMEMBER UNDER STAND! WHAT HAPPENED?



THE STREET HAVEN



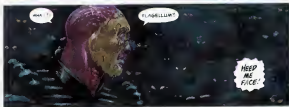
"THE GAVE MY WHOLE LIFE TO HELPING THE POOR, EVERY WAY THAT I COULD.

"I SET UP A STREET SHELTER. IT WASN'T MUCH AT FIRST—JUST ONE MAN'S SMALL RESPONSE TO A DESPERATE NEED.

"THE STREET HAVEN FLOWED INTO MORE THAN I EVER IMAGINED. A NATIONAL CRUSADE FOR THE HOMELESS.

BUT STILL... SO MUCH HUNGER IN THE WORLD. SO MUCH HOMELESSNESS I COULDN'T ERASE SUCH A WORLD ALL ALONE.

"LISA, ANN, YOU NEED MY SHELTER."





AND HERE IS  
WHAT YOU'VE  
ACCOMPLISHED.  
GIVEN THE SIMPLEST  
OF TASKS TO PERFORM  
IN THIS FUNK OF  
CONFUSION!

YOU—  
WITH YOUR  
DAMNED  
THEATRICS!



YOU'VE MADE  
A MOCKERY OF  
LEVATHAN'S  
MANDATE OF A  
WORLD IN  
ORDER!



YOU WERE MEANT TO  
KEEP LEVATHAN IN  
CONTROL TO SAVE  
THE BLEEDING  
RABBIT FROM HIS  
OWN PSYCHOSIS

TO HONE  
THE BARK OF  
THE HORROR'S  
INTO A SANITIZED  
FORCE



HELD IN  
CONTROL  
THIS MAN  
COULD BE  
THE AGENT  
THAT  
WALL  
NEEDS



HE COULD STOP  
THE CHAOS IN THE  
STREETS, PULL  
POWER FROM  
THE VOID

WHAK  
WHAK



I  
WASN'T  
YOU  
FALL  
IN THE  
NAME OF  
LEVATHAN  
KEEP TO  
YOUR  
MISSION



As One. Again. As One  
inside the dead  
dark mind of the  
murdered woman--

The One Time Actor, the  
haunted creature  
known as Pace, is  
to his discovery  
of an old friend.

FEAR.



WHHOK

There is  
something  
to him  
most  
time.



NOT NOW

It's  
now, I was  
too self-  
indulgent in  
playing my  
role. I  
hated  
it up.

Controlling  
this woman  
from deep  
in her  
mind, he  
made her  
live a dark  
life. Every  
thing I saw  
every  
thing I  
wanted.



I played the part  
of the sweetheart  
the temptress, the  
wife and the angel.  
His best friend, his  
loving mother.

Yes, in one. And  
all of them named  
Lisa Ann.



I made his every  
wish come true. What  
better way to bind him?

I learned his every  
secret, every hunger  
he'd denied.

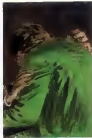
The hunger to kill. The  
ultimate yearning. He  
might have kept it  
suppressed all his life.

Oh, but I was caught  
up in the drama, in  
the role of being  
everything.

Sweetheart,  
temptress, best  
friend, mother,  
victim.

















"BEHOLD..."



"THE FACE..."



"OF THE MONSTER..."



"UNWASHED!"

THE FACE  
OF EVIL-- NO  
MATTER HOW  
MUCH YOU  
DENY IT, YOU  
KNOW.

YOU'VE  
SEEN THE TIGHT  
IN EVERY  
MUSCLE, EVERY  
DAY OF YOUR  
LIFE.

THE FUTURE IS  
BRIGHTER IN DARKER  
WHITE. I'LL HAVE  
THE ANSWERS  
COMING CLEAR TO  
ME.

AT LAST, HE CAN FIND A  
HOME TO THE BLINDING  
FORCE IN HIS LIFE-- A  
BETTER NAME THAN  
MAGIC, ETC.

AT LAST, HE CAN KNOW  
THERE WERE NONE TO  
LISA JAMES DEATH  
PERFECT BECAUSE SHE  
DIED TO SHOW THE ROAD.

I... AM  
THE WAY.



YES! A GOOD MAN TEES  
HIS BEST TO SAVE THE WORLD,  
AND THE WORLD DOESN'T  
CARE. LEO, THE WORLD  
GOES ON HURTING--  
SUFFERING,  
STAYING.



"BUT ASK YOUR  
SELF, WHAT  
COULD AN EVIL  
MAN DO?"



IN THE SWELL  
MOMENT, I  
COULD MAKE A  
DIFFERENCE.

IN THE  
COLLOID SEE  
TO IT... THAT NO  
ONE HAS TO LIVE  
IN SUCH A WORLD.



AND HE  
COULD  
DELIVER--

THE  
ONLY  
ESCAPE.



THE END





# ECHOES, DREAMS AND REVELATIONS

## THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE PART 14

ANSWER ME  
THIS, MOUNDED PETERIC  
ABANDON. IF A MAN  
IS IN THE GARDEN - IS  
CHRIST? OR THE  
CHURCH? THE  
SACRED? ?



WHO DECIDES WHICH  
PLANTS ARE TO BE  
NURTURED AND WHICH  
TO BE WEEDED  
OUT?

THE GARDEN IS  
AN ARCHITECTURE  
OF A MAN'S  
DREAMS. PETERIC  
NOTHING  
SACRED.

NOT SACRED, BUT  
ALL THESE PLANTS  
AND TO BE  
FITTING IN THE  
DREAMS OF A MAN



Nabeela Vireo  
writer  
Andrew Ruppert  
artist  
Paul Felt  
letters



GO TO  
THE CHURCH  
UNFOLDING  
AND TO DO THAT  
WEEDS OUT  
THE  
CENTERS

AND WITH  
THEM SO ALL  
THAT IS STRANGE  
AND BEAUTIFUL  
ALL CHANCE OF  
GROWTH

AP

TRANSFORM

ARE THOSE PLANTS EVIL? ARE THEY  
SINNING? IF THEIR ONLY CRIME IS THEY  
DON'T FIT INTO THE GARDENER'S  
DESIGN.

AND THERE IS ONE REWARD  
FOR THOSE WHO DO NOT FIT  
INTO THE DESIGN Laid  
DOWN BY THE CHURCH.



"WHO  
MUST BE  
PUT  
OUT -  
SIDE"



CONSENT TO  
THE FLAMES



IT'S TRUE THEN,  
FATHER JEROME  
YOU ARE TO BE  
DISCOMMUNICATED



HE TOLD THEM FATHER  
ABANDON YOU - I  
HE ARE TO BE TRIED  
COME HERE NOW



WHO IS  
SHE?



SHE IS ONE OF MY  
FATHER'S. PERHAPS  
SHE ACCUSED THE  
TRINITY LIST  
COUNCIL OF BEING  
A PRISON OF HELL.

SHE  
CANT  
HE



He's never  
committed  
to an  
ideology

I NEED TO  
HELP YOU.  
DO YOU WANT  
ADVICE MEY?



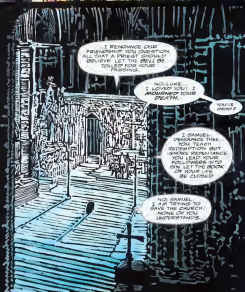
COME  
THEY'RE  
WAITING



I LEAVE  
BEHIND THIS  
ADDICTION



I RENOUNCE OUR  
FRIENDSHIP YOU QUESTION  
ALL THAT A PRIEST SHOULD  
BELIEVE LET THE GUILT BE  
YOUR'S NOT MINE  
PASTOR



NO LIKE  
I LOVED YOU I  
ACHIEVED YOUR  
DEATH

YOU'RE  
WRONG I

I DANIEL  
FORGIVE THIS  
YOU TEACH  
REDEMPTION BUT  
FORGIVE REPENTANCE  
YOU LEAD YOUR  
FOLLOWERS INTO  
OH LET THE BLOOD  
OF YOUR LIFE  
BE CLOSED

NO DANIEL  
I AM TRYING TO  
SAVE THE CHURCH  
NONE OF YOU  
UNDERSTANDS



"I'M TRYING TO HELP THE CHURCH SURVIVE"



"BEWARE, ABRADON LEFT YOUR PATH LEAD THE CANDLE OF YOUR SOUL TO BE EXTINGUISHED FOLLOW THE LIGHT OF OUR LORD"



"THE LIGHT"



"DO THE LORD"

"FATHER?"



"SORRY TO WAKE YOU, FATHER THEY'RE WAITING IN THE STUDIO"

"OH, OH... QUITE ALL RIGHT"



"AFTER THE SHOW, THERE WILL BE A CAR"



"YOU OWN, FATHER?"

"I DREAMED OF THE GARDEN AND A CHARGE OF HERESY AGAIN IT'S NOTHING"



"THAT'S GREAT"

"SO, CAN TO THE BISHOP'S FOR MEETING REGARDING SPONSORSHIP"

"DURING INTERVIEWS AT SIX AND AT SEVEN THIRTY A RECEPTION AT THE GOVERNOR'S"







NOW  
IS YOUR  
CHANCE!

WAS NOT  
ROUND BY THE  
COUNTS I HAVE  
GIVEN IN HIS  
DREAMS. NOW  
GIVE THE  
WARRIOR

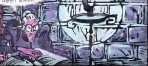
THE BALANCE IS  
EVEN WE MUST FACE  
HAS FAILED! LAD SAMUEL  
HAS ESCAPED! THE SISTER  
AND GOD HAS TRIUMPHED  
PEACE HAS CRUSHED  
THE OPPRESSION IN  
HIS COUNTRY



FAILURE TO  
WIN ABANDON TO  
US WILL NOT BE  
TOLERATED

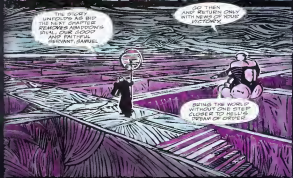


DEEDS. EASY



THE STORY  
UNFOLDS AS THE  
NEXT CHAPTER  
REVEALS ABANDON  
STILL, OUR GOD  
AND FAITHFUL  
SERVANT, SAMUEL

GO THEN  
AND RETURN ONLY  
WITH NEWS OF YOUR  
VICTORY



BEING THE WORLD  
WITHOUT ONE STEP  
CLOSER TO HELL'S  
DREAM OF ORDER





"FOR HELL'S GREATER GLORY!"

"DREAD! BALEWORTH! I AM ONLY PROPOSING A REORGANIZATION OF THE PLAN FOR ME TO STEP DOWN NOW... AFTER MY GREAT SUCCESS - IN TWO HOURS!"



"ABDUCTION IS POPULAR, I ADMIT IT. BUT CAN YOU TRUST HIM? CAN HE BE TURNED TO LEVIATHAN'S WILL?"



"BETTER TO KILL HIM NOW AND I WILL PLEASE THE DEMANDATION OUR GOD LEVIATHAN DEMANDS."



"WHAT YOUR GOD LEVIATHAN DEMANDS, DANIEL..."



"HE UNDERSTANDS HIS CREATOR'S DEMANDS!"

"A DEMAND ALL GODS HAVE IN COMMON."



YOU ARE  
JUDGED A  
REBEL AND  
WILL SUFFER  
EXCOMMUN-  
ICATION



BUT YOU  
HAVEN'T TRIED  
ME. I'M YET TO  
BE HEARD...  
BY WHAT  
RIGHT?



YOU ARE CONDEMNED  
BY YOUR OWN PREACHING  
ABANDON YOU CONSTANTLY  
QUESTION GODFORS



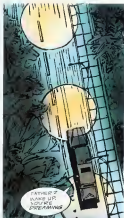
A CHRISTIAN BELIEVES GOD CALLS

YOU ARE BOUND TO  
RECEIVE THE COATINGS  
THE APOSTLES  
RECEIVED FROM  
CHRIST



SHOULD

THE LORD  
GODFORS WOULD  
OUT THE THORNS,  
ABANDON I HAVE  
NONE AND FREE  
THE MANTLE TO  
YOU. CARRY THE  
MESSAGE OF  
OUR LORD







HEY! DUBBY WAS WATCHING THAT DUBBY LIKE FATHER ARADON!

THE PRIESTS -- I'M IN AN ADVISORY WITH AN ARADON GROUP!



PURSUING YOU'RE A POWER ON

YOU REALLY THINK FATHER ARADON'S GARDEN HAS ROOM FOR YOU?

DUBBY, LEAVE HIM ALONE. YOU'RE ALWAYS PICKING ON HIM.



OH, FATHER ARADON SHOULD BE TOLD WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON

DUBBY A GOODBY CHRISTIAN HE GOING TO BE A FLOWER IN GARDEN



ARADON CAN HAVE HIS GARDEN. I'D HATE OF THE CHURCH. GIVE UP IT ALL. I'M GOING TO BRING A BURNING



THAT MEANS YOU AN ADVISOR



THANKS DUBBY. I KNOW WHAT ADVISOR MEANS





DO YOU PUT PETER ABRAHAM I WAS HIS TEACHER ONCE - WHEN I WAS ANOTHER JENNER'S

I'M SURPRISED HE'S FOLLOWED SAMUEL AS A REPERT ON THE ABRAHAMSON WAGON



I DON'T LIKE PROPHETS AND  
DREAM TELLERS.

YOU KNOW WHY PEOPLE  
BELIEVE IN PREDICTIONS  
AND PROPAGANDA?



BECAUSE CERTAIN  
DREAM IS LESS  
TERRIFYING THAN  
UNCERTAINTY.



IT IS THE TRULY BRAVE  
WHO RELY ON THEIR  
OWN WITS TO DEAL  
WITH AN UNCERTAIN  
WORLD WHO KNOW  
THEMSELVES ENOUGH  
TO DECIDE WHAT  
IS RIGHT.



"WHO CAN ADMIT  
THE WORLD IS  
CHAOTIC, AND BUILD  
KNOWING THEIR  
WORK WILL BE  
DESTRUCTED, BUT  
BUILD ANYWAY



"WHO INSTALL ORDER  
IN THE WORLD, WITH-  
OUT BEING OBBESSED  
BY ORDER; WHO  
LEAVE ROOM FOR  
THE SURPRISE;



"WHO STAND  
IN GRATE  
BALANCE"









THINK NOT THAT I CAME TO SEND  
PEACE ON EARTH, I CAME NOT  
TO SEND PEACE, BUT A SWORD!  
MATTHEW CHAPTER 10, VERSE 34



THE END



TO SACHIN  
2

ROBOTOPIA



"Thus far in the stories that spring from the mythology of Hellraiser, the actions of the forces of damnation have gone unchallenged. Time after time, the Cenobites have claimed souls for their infernal chambers, and there has been little or nothing that mortal man could do to stop them. Nor has there been any sign of heavenly intervention, to set against the horrors that Pinhead and the rest of his crew readily dredge up from the depths.

"That situation is about to change."

What you've just read was an introduction written by Clive Barker to what will be the most dramatic episode thus far in the tenure of this ground-breaking series. Beginning in issue #16 of Hellraiser, you'll see the first rumblings of the formation of a group that will shake the Hell of Hellraiser to its foundations. This New Apocrypha was created by Clive, as Hellraiser, and as is the case with this series, the writers privy to this info have run with it, wildly. The story possibilities this New Apocrypha allow are endless, and guarantee you'll be seeing more action, intrigue and multi-leveled stories stalking the halls of Hell in the near future.

I think you'll be impressed with the result, but slow, torturing soul that I am, I'll not give away too much just yet. Just know that in the annals of Hellraiser, now and forevermore, 1992 shall go down as the year that birthed THE HARROWERS.

Be here next issue for more details. I will be.

— Marc McLaurin  
Editor





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cover art

Life going too well for you? Permit us to  
offer this prescription for an active sense of  
guilt.

A sex offender whose depravities give  
even the forces of Hell pause.

Community activist turned serial killer,  
outlet carnage directly to the best  
interests of humanity.

Public airwaves transmitting the unholy  
essence of inhumanity to a captive and  
growing audience.

Take your usual and add for help to the  
nothing.

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